

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Beneath The Surface

with Al Male

LISTENING to the Dean of Bristol Cathedral, during one of his short sermons to those outlying stations who have no padre of their own, I received rather a jolt.

It was a Christmas talk, and he very naturally reminded his hearers that the ceremony of Christmas was held to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

Now, that wasn't a new fact at all. I doubt if anyone ever thought otherwise.

BUT... when he went on to talk about the giving of presents, which is now such a great part of Christmas, he said something like this:

"We all give presents to our friends, and in many cases we make sacrifices to do so... but do we give a present to the very person whose birthday we are celebrating?"

In other words, "Do we give anything to Christ?"

May I go so far as to say, "Do we even give—a thought?"

We think about our children, and say that Christmas is essentially a time for children to enjoy themselves... it is THEIR festival... and we go to great length to see that, even in these times, they have some gift, some toy... something which to us means an expression of our love for them (they are often too young to regard it as such... our love for THEM, mark you).

Is it QUITE right? Ask yourself.

It almost reminds me of a chap I know who had his garden path crazy-paved as a birthday present to his wife.

I know perfectly well that you and I cannot go to a store and buy a gift, address it to Bethlehem, and expect a somebody to deliver it to an infant Christ... anybody knows that.

Nor can we expect our youngsters to know the significance of the Christmas gift as originally intended.

It is up to us to give our gifts (though I am one who considers that this Christmas gift idea has reached idiotic proportions, leading to months of bankruptcy afterwards)... give them in the true spirit, so that the spirit of the gift is of more importance than the cash value of it... and at the same time recall the real meaning of the custom and give our "thank offering" to the right quarter.

What can we give?

Just gratitude. Heartfelt gratitude for so many blessings received... and with it we MUST give a something which signifies the fact that we HAVE thought... that we HAVE a stock-taking... and that we HAVE recognised the fact that we owe a debt to a something... call it Christ or what you will, but a something Good... a something which IS the salt of the earth, and without which the earth would be a sorry place to live in.

The very fact that we THINK, even for a moment, is a step in the right direction.

That we think of what we owe, and make an attempt to pay off some of the debt.

Because there certainly is a debt.

Can you imagine a world without a spark of Goodness?

Can you imagine a world without people who think and realise their indebtedness to Goodness and its source?

Because all goodness comes from the one source—God, Good, no matter by what name you know it. No matter what creed, or no matter if no creed at all, the fact still remains that Goodness is here to be recognised, and if it is here, it must have a source... and its source must be Goodness.

When, therefore, we acknowledge this fact, we do, by our recognition of it, add our small quota to the accumulation of Goodness, with the obvious result that we reduce even slightly the amount of Sin or badness.

And the more of us who do this, the more strength we give to the cause of decency in its largest sense.

Our Christmas gift to the Founder of Christmas need not follow the lines of the three Wise Men, but the gift of even momentary gratitude and thought is of inestimable value, particularly when multiplied by millions.

"I never gave it a thought," is what we very often say.

Did you give Him a thought this Christmas?

Cheerio and Good Hunting!

MORE nonsense is told about taxis than almost any other subject. More nonsensical jokes are made about cab-drivers, like me, than anything else, except, perhaps, mother-in-law and kippers.

"Cabbies always scratch their trouser-pocket linings for change... see those cabs crawling along on a wet day... they're a lot of sharks; charge you double fare to drive you in the black-out... they ought to be ashamed of themselves... as if our brave R.A.F. lads would want double pay for fighting at night..."

To hear people talk you'd think we cabbies ought to be in a concentration camp.

If you want to know the truth, ask any cabby on the rank. Ask the secretary of the cab section of the Transport and General Workers' Union. He knows that there aren't thousands of superfluous cabs running the streets, wasting petrol, as so many people like to think.

"There has been a big reduction in the number of cabs for hire since the war started," he says. "Before September, 1939, there were 7,600 taxis, with 11,450 men licensed to drive them. Now there are about 4,000 cabs and 5,000 drivers."

A large number of taxis were taken for auxiliary fire-fighting and other war services. Many drivers joined the Forces. When things get normal again, and the City streets resume their old traffic, there will probably be a scarcity of taxis.

When you get in a cab you expect it to take you to your destination. How many times have you been in a cab that's had a puncture, or breakdown, or run out of "juice"?

Here, again, truth is that we cabbies are having a hard job to maintain our vehicles at pre-war mechanical pitch. No new

# "HAVE A HEART CHUM"

Says No. 38214



cabs are being made. Several are over ten years old.

Would your old car or bike go trouble-free, non-stop, after ten years of daily service?

By a Scotland Yard relaxation of the regulations, a few "aged" cabs are being allowed to remain in service longer than in normal times. But Scotland Yard's normal tests for cabs are so severe that even by relaxation there is no fear that any cabs on the road to-day are not fit and safe.

If every cyclist, motorist and motor-cyclist had to go through as stiff a test as Scotland Yard is empowered to give, under the Public Carriage Act of 1870, there'd be tidy few vehicles on the road.

Every cab is stamped by a police engineer after test. In just one year—a year when there were only 8,000 cabs in use in one city—over 1,500 public vehicles of all kinds failed to pass the test.

Every public vehicle that gets involved in an accident, no matter how trivial, may be served with an "unfit" notice by the police, and as many as 20,000 of these are served in a normal year.

It is then a criminal offence to put the cab into use again until the police have inspected it.

So many cabbies have joined the Services that to suggest we're just wasting our time driving round the streets is nonsense.

There's no maximum age-limit for cabbies, but few are over fifty, because at Scotland Yard there's a photographic "rogue's gallery" of drivers, and every man over fifty has to come up for a frequent stiff medical exam, and the Commissioners won't renew the licence of a man who isn't a safe driver in every respect.

Competition to get the best ranks is keen. There are fewer private cab-owners than ever on the London streets.

The advantages of joining one of the big cab concerns are tempting. You get a regular wage and your insurance is paid for you.

But I like being my own boss. I'm saving money, and one day may have a fleet of cabs of my own!

Every "cabby's" stock prayer is for rain. Shopping crowds and men and women

laden with bundles will flee for a cab when it starts to pour. I don't mind taking women passengers, because in my own cab I can make a living on fares alone. All tips are extra.

But the chaps who run firms' cabs dislike taking women and children. Tips, on which they get commission, are few.

Lovers are best fares; young men feel they must tip generously or their girls will think they're mean!

Famous people are usually bad fares. They're so absent-minded, they forget to tip!

Edgar Wallace was an exception. I used to take him and Mrs. Wallace out a lot when they were living in Portland-place, before Edgar went off to Hollywood.

He used to go around in a great big Rolls-Royce, with a little Austin Seven following in case there was a breakdown. But one evening the Austin wasn't following. And just at the B.B.C. end of Portland-place the Rolls stopped.

It had run out of petrol!

Edgar was furious, and called me to take him down to the City in a hurry. He gave me a ten-shilling tip!

He often used my cab after that, and one evening he stopped and had a long talk with me about my job, in order to get some "local colour" for a story he was writing.

The queerest journey I ever had was with a dead woman in my cab.

A man in the West End summoned me and told me to drive to a quiet road in Hampstead, where he made me stop while he walked back a short distance to a house.

He came back supporting an elderly woman, whom he slumped into the seat and wrapped with a rug. Then he gave me the address of a nursing home and told me to "step on it."

When I got near my destination I turned round and found that the woman was alone. The man hadn't got into the cab.

I asked her to verify the address, but she sat there, bolt upright, motionless and silent. I stopped and got out. She was dead!

I covered the next half-mile in record time.

The matron at the nursing home didn't seem very surprised. Two attendants came out and took the woman away on a stretcher, and I got my fare and a generous tip.

In Pall Mall I once picked up two gentlemen, one of whom told me to drop him in the City and then take the other back to Old Bond Street. "Don't drive too fast going back," he said, as he got out near the Mansion House. "The other gentleman's nervous of speed."

I crawled back through Piccadilly traffic, never going more than 12 m.p.h.

"What's the matter with the old crock, cabby?" asked the second passenger as he got out.

"The other gentleman said you didn't like going fast, sir," I explained.

"Oh, he did, did he?" said my second fare, with a grin.

I took a second look at him and saw that he was Capt. G. E. Eyston, who broke the world's record—my speed hero!



## The £.S.D. OF IT CHURCHES

THE Church of England spends about £3,700,000 a year, the greater part of which is derived from dividends and interest from some £32,000,000 in Government and other secur-

ities and about £1½ millions from estates.

These vast sums are managed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who, just over a century ago, were appointed to manage Church properties and funds and endow and augment benefices.

The Commissioners include not only officials of the Church, but also the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and other Government members.

Most of the great sums spent go to augment the incomes of the clergy. According to the latest figures the total gross incomes of about 15,000 clergy is £6,625,000 a year, of which

£157,686 comes from Easter offerings—popularly supposed to figure so largely in the incumbent's income!

The assistant clergy get just over £1,000,000 a year. Voluntary parochial contributions in 1939 amounted to about £5,800,000.

The incomes paid vary from the £15,000 of the Archbishop of Canterbury (100 years ago he got nearly £20,000) down to £70 to a curate. The Bishop of London gets £10,000, of York £9,000, and of Durham £7,000. All the other bishops get £5,000 or less, with the Bishop of Sodor and Man at the bottom of the list with £2,250.

Out of these large sums, of course, they have to pay the heavy upkeep of their "palaces" and the other expenses of their office. Pensions to eleven retired bishops and archbishops cost £10,000 a year.

Recently there has been much discussion to "even-up" the payment of clergymen.

Recent figures showed hundreds of clergymen with less than £300 a year. At the

other end of the scale there were livings like that of Sutton, near Ely, worth £1,135, although it is only a large village.

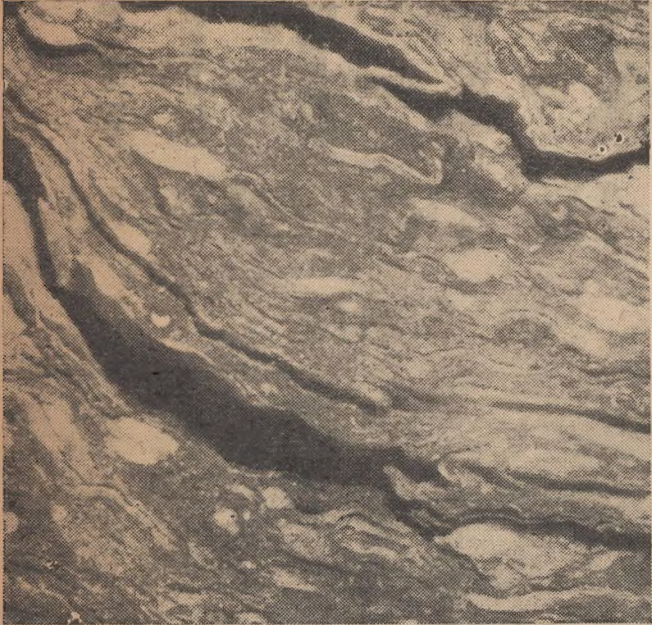
Many City churches provide large incomes, although the parishioners are few. St. Bartholomew the Great, with a population of 200, gives its incumbent £1,200 a year. But this picture would not be complete without saying that these livings have been given to men who are thereby enabled to devote their time to valuable "outside" work for the Church.

The income of the Church has fallen during the year, and it loses £400,000 a year through the tithe redemption scheme. It remains, nevertheless, one of the biggest landowners in the country.

Before the war the rent-roll in London alone was £375,000 a year. The war has resulted in a drop in income, but many loans have been made for the repair of churches damaged by bombing. Queen Anne's Bounty, started by Anne with a few thousands a year, spends over £200,000 a year in repairing vicarages alone.



# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was: Part of a Threepenny Bit.

## CEREMONIOUS?

Here's Why

## WHO WANTS SOME FREE BEER?

asks

J. S. Newcombe

If ever you are hiking Winchester way, and feel like a beer, drop in at the Hospital of St. Cross and ask the porter for the Wayfarers' Dole.

You'll be given the traditional horn of ale and a slice of bread, free of charge.

It is a familiar port of call for the regular tramps. In the holiday season, many people look on it as an amusing experience to claim the dole.

All the year round there is an average of thirty dry callers a day.

The hospital has always been a charitable institution.

It was founded by Bishop Henry of Blois, in 1136, to support "thirteen poor men, feeble and so reduced in strength that they can hardly, or with difficulty, support themselves."

They were provided with "garments and beds suitable to their infirmities, good wheaten bread daily, three dishes at dinner, and one at supper . . . and drink of good stuff."

The good stuff was also doled out to wayfarers at the rate of two gallons a day, together with two loaves of bread, divided into 32 portions.

It is first come, first served. Since the war, the quota has been reduced to one gallon.

If you don't like beer, have a look at the church.

It was built during the years 1130-1255, and among the several architectural styles, the Transition-Norman is considered to be the best example in existence.



# THIS SCHOOLBOY BECAME GIPSY KING

If it hadn't been for a school-master's threat to whip a scholar, the gipsy tribe of England would never have had such a leader as King Carew. For Carew was one of the most picturesque figures in English history, one of the bravest, as well as one of the most erratic. His exploits leave Dick Turpin far behind.

Bamfylde Moore Carew was his name. He was born in 1693, and was sent to school at Tiverton, Devon, where he soon showed the stuff he was made of.

When he was still in his very early teens he and three school-fellows started out one day after a stag, ran it to earth, and killed it.

The stag belonged to Colonel Nutcombe; complaint was made to the school-master, and rather than be whipped the four youngsters ran away.

Getting out of the school by night, the four lay concealed in an ale-house named "The Brickhouse," the landlord of which was a friend of Carew.

## KING'S MAGIC WHISPER.

Early next morning a group of gipsies arrived with horses. One of the horses caught the eye of Carew, and he told the owner that it looked as if it had been stolen.

The gipsy retorted that the horse could be bought by whoever could ride him; and Carew, who knew about horses, approached the nag.

At that moment the gipsy gave a sharp cry and the horse began to plunge and kick. Carew was warned he might be killed, but he went right up to the horse, whispered something to it, and the animal became quiet.

"He's got the whisper," exclaimed a gipsy woman, as Carew mounted and rode the horse to and fro.

Even at this time Carew had the figure and face of an Apollo, with nerves of steel. And the gipsies recognised in him a leader. A bargain was struck, and, to escape the pursuit of the school authorities, Carew and his friends mounted each behind a gipsy and rode off. That was the beginning of the famous "King's" career.

He became a dog-stealer, a deer-killer, a stroller, a beggar.

His family, although wealthy, were never able to get him back again. Wandering was in his blood.

He and his three companions were enrolled in the gipsy tribe with great ceremony and oaths. He kept every oath.

Time and time again he disguised himself and extorted money from the rich. He never robbed the poor, and often gave them money and food.

One of his disguises was that of a shipwrecked seaman, by which he got sums from all his previous friends, who accepted him in his seaman's character.

## FOOLED HIS DAD.

Again, he travelled the country wrapped in a blanket as his only clothing, and was known as "Mad Tom."

Once, as "Mad Tom," he visited his parents, stayed one night, and promised his father to look out for "young Carew." After he left he wrote to his father, telling him who "Mad Tom" was.

He adopted many disguises—those of a farmer, a clergyman, a Quaker, an Oxford scholar, a rat-catcher, wounded soldier, a sea captain.

One day he was sitting by the roadside near the gates of Lord Weymouth's park when another beggar came along. "Have you been at the big house?" asked the stranger. "Not yet," replied Carew, "but I am thinking of asking his lordship for my dinner."

## TRICKED AN EARL.

They agreed to try together. At the kitchen they got a good feed. "That footman who gave us the food will lose his job if Lord Weymouth hears of this," said Carew when they left.

"I don't think he will," replied the other. "You see, I am Lord Weymouth. I have often wanted to meet you, Carew."

Carew did not seem surprised, but he said that he expected his lordship to give him some money. His lordship refused.

Next day a strange old beggar man called to see Lord Weymouth, and told him a tale that brought tears to his lordship's eyes. The beggar

asked for a sum of money and got it. Then Carew tore off his disguise and revealed himself.

His power over dogs and other animals was amazing. However fierce were the dogs that rich people employed to deal with beggars, Carew could always make the animals quiet. They followed him as if he was their master.

After he was "crowned" King of the Gipsies, he was brought before Justice Lethbridge, accused of the crime of begging.

## SCARED A JUDGE.

The judge had a grudge against him because Carew had played a trick on him; and Carew was sentenced to seven years' transportation to Maryland as a slave.

He escaped as soon as the ship touched land, seized a canoe, got across to Maryland, thence to New York, and returned to England. There he paid off some old scores—became a "ghost" and scared the judge and a clergyman in a churchyard.

Again he was sent abroad, this time pressed into naval service. But he feigned sickness, was carried ashore at Sweden, tramped to Stockholm, then to Copenhagen, and ultimately got home again.

For the second time he was a victim of the press-gang, and again set sail for America. Once more he escaped, travelled through Delaware, and came to the Delaware river. But his pursuers were on his trail.

He could not find a boat, but saw some horses in a meadow. His natural ability came into action. He secured a horse by "whispering to it," forced it into the river, and made it swim two miles across while his pursuers watched him.

When he landed on the other side the horse fell down through exhaustion, but Carew got away.

He reached Boston, boldly went to the skipper of a ship there and volunteered to work his passage to England. He got the job.

## THEN GAVE UP.

Back home in Devon once more, his kinsman, Sir Thomas Carew, offered to provide for the remainder of his life if he would forsake the gipsies. But Carew could not.

A thousand stories are told of his wanderings. He kept up his title as King until, becoming old, he gave it up.

Soon afterwards he died, but the place of his burial is not known. The gipsies are said to have buried him and kept the place secret.

wife's clean cooking range all covered in soot, and then stepped back in dismay as the friendly starling fluttered around the room, showering soot wherever it went.

The unfortunate bird had evidently considered the chimney-pot was the next-best thing to being under the tiles, and when Jesse had started his fire he had smoked the bird down the chimney!

He didn't improve matters by trying to catch the bird inside the house, so he hurried off to work, taking the offending starling with him.

"Never again," he said, as he set the bird at liberty, "will I tak' on wi' a starnel!" What his "missus" said is best not repeated.

But when he went home at dinner-time—he was greeted by a cheery whistle from the starling, perched on the chimney-pot.

Solution to Puzzle in S 40.

TENNIS  
CROQUET  
FOOTBALL  
BADMINTON  
BASEBALL  
CRICKET  
HOCKEY

## YOUR M.P.'s MONEY

MEMBERS of Parliament are paid £600 a year for their services, a "rise" of £200 on the £400 paid up to 1936.

But none of them are able to exist on this amount, which in many cases does not cover the expenses incurred by their work. Of the £600, £100 is allowed to rank as "expenses"—on the rest income tax has to be paid.

In fact, £100 a year would take an M.P. nowhere, hardly covering his most modest secretarial and postage expenses—stationery he gets free.

The nature of his work demands expenses such as meals in the House, taxis to his home when the House sits late, and in nearly every case innumerable subscriptions to charities, clubs and associations of all kinds in his constituency.

A great many M.P.s are also expected to make contributions to their local Party associations, varying from £50 to £1,000 a year.

Getting elected may be an expensive business.

The actual cost is limited by law according to the number of voters in the constituency. A candidate must not spend more than 6d. a head in a county division, or 5d. a head in a borough, which, with the varying size of constituencies, gives maximum figures between about £600 and £4,000.

The exact sums spent have to be returned to Parliament, and are published in a blue book after every election.

In the last General Election, election expenses were just over £722,000. Candidates do not, of course, pay all their own expenses in every case. Contributions are made by Party funds, by Trade Unions and so on.

Nevertheless, the majority of M.P.s. spent sums estimated to vary from £400 to £2,000 on securing election.

The expenses of the unsuccessful candidate may be equally high. Some 80 candidates in 1935 lost their deposits of £150 for failing to poll one-eighth of the votes.

The cost of running the House of Commons, including payment of Members, is about half-a-million pounds. The cost of registering electors varies greatly. In 1939-40 it was £255,000.

## PUZZLE CORNER





# BUCK RYAN



## MILLIER'S SPORTS FLASHBACK

BETTING, if indulged in to the point of impoverishment, is a mug's game; but if indulged merely to the extent of the amount one would spend in a day's enjoyment, well, there is no great harm in that, and there can be a few joyous thrills that might otherwise be missing.

Betting in one form or another is probably as old as any of man's pastimes.

Knowing the Israelites as we do, it would not be stretching the imagination too far to believe that they started to make a book on the contest between David and Goliath.

The great thing to bear in mind is that, if you continue betting long enough, the bookmaker, the bank or the tote will eventually take the lot. I have known many professional backers, but I cannot for the moment recall one of them who finished a rich man.

Bookmakers do not grumble. They work on the principle that they win in any event.

The prices offered are so regulated that a certain percentage is theirs whatever horse wins the race.

That is why, if you watch the bookmaker's board during the betting prior to a race, the prices are continually changing. Always the book must be kept on the right side.

Only the bookmaker and his clerk can know exactly what percentage the "book" is taking on the race. When the bookmakers had the field to themselves they could take whatever percentage they liked, within certain limits, of course, by cramping the prices offered to the public.

They were the dictators of betting on the racecourse.

Just as dictators are wont to do in all walks of life, they overstepped the mark. These layers of odds had really had a wonderful harvest in the rather extravagant days that followed the end of the last war. It was the natural reaction to the rigid discipline of war that caused so many people to turn to sport as the medium for getting the most excitement there was to banish worry for the time being.

War profits and war gratuities went to the outstretched palms of the bookmakers, and they waxed fat.

Our great leader, Winston Churchill, was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1924, and in his search for revenue that would not make the poor man still poorer he levied a tax on bets.

What did the bookmakers say? What didn't they say! What they said was mostly unprintable, and you may gather that the tax was not at all popular with the blokes who shout the odds.

I do not intend to go into the arguments for and against the Bets Tax. Suffice it that, as a protest against the tax, the bookmakers went on strike.

At the Windsor meeting in November, 1926, the bookmakers refused to bet, and the meeting was, as a consequence, a terrific flop.

Racing without betting is like work without wages, all very nice for the select few who like it.

Out of evil cometh good. For many long years the Jockey Club had been asked to sanction totalisator betting on British racecourses, but that august body was horrified at the very suggestion of adopting something new—not that the "tote" was at all new.

It had been successful in most other parts of the world, but it was new to England. Directly the bookmakers staged their strike, the Jockey Club saw the red light.

You never would have thought it possible for such a hide-bound institution as the Jockey Club to get going so quickly.

In next to no time plans were drawn up for the installation of the totalisator, and, if they were forced to confess, I feel sure that members of the Jockey Club would agree that it ought to have been installed many years earlier.

There is a fixed deduction for working the "tote," which the backer pays, but you may be sure that it is considerably less than the bookmaker used to deduct when he had the betting all to himself.

W. H. MILLIER.



"Funny Dad always turns up just after the nice man has gone, isn't it, Mum?"



**Good Morning**

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# Watch the Birdies



VULTURE? WRONG. A PELICAN ASLEEP



96-year-old Polly eats ice-cone



The Periscope Birds  
American Bitterns

★ Mae West Pigeon Shows How ★

★ CHOOSE YOUR BIRD, BOYS ★



AND BELOW—FLAMINGO FANCY

